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"Between the harbours of Wexford and Waterford is a tract of fertile land containing about 60 square miles, called the baronies of *Forth* and *Bargie*. The appellations are significant—*Bar* is fruitful, *Forth* is plenty, and *Gie* the sea—the names therefore indicate exactly the character of the place, a fertile and plentiful tract on the sea coast. Behind it runs a ridge of mountains and before it is the sea, so that it is in some measure insulated, and retains much of the primeval and original character of a place cut off from free intercourse with the rest of the country. It moreover lies directly opposite Cardiganshire in Wales, and certain promontories projecting to the east, approach so near to the contiguous coast as to invite the inhabitants of the other side to come over and visit it. From the earliest periods therefore, long before the Anglo-Norman invasion, a free intercourse had taken place between the two principalities, and many Irish families settled in Wales, and many Welsh in Ireland. The latter are so numerous that a large district in the county of Wexford is called *Scarla* (Welsh), and there is a long tract of Highland in the neighbouring county of Kilkenny, called the Welsh mountains, from the number of families of this name and nation which occupied them, where at this day they form a clan or sept; and as the colonization was gradually effected by free consent, and friendly intercourse, the name of Welsh is held in more esteem by the peasantry." Here it seems to be cut short. I suppose the writer intended to go on and speak of the town of Bannow situated in this fertile spot; but as its interesting history is already so accurately, and so fully discussed in your Journal, the loss is of little consequence.

In my opinion, the name "Irish Pompeii" would be better applied to this place, than Irish Herculaneum, as there was a greater similarity in their awful extinction. It may be presumed, however, that the inhabitants of Bannow were not, like those of Pompeii, involved in the common fate and ruin of their town, as they must have had warning and time enough to escape.

But what a spectacle does it now present! calculated to excite the most unpleasant and gloomy sensations, as we cast our eye on the infertile hillocks and ridges of shifting sand surrounded by hills of the same; the sea rolling on the beach close to it, still casting up its mite of sand to add to the mass—and every thing about it bespeaking nothing but wild, untamed, uncultivated nature, as if it was just emerging from its primitive chaotic rudeness. Bannow is now a dull, monotonous wilderness, nothing to relieve the eye, the only *Oasis* an old steeple peering up which still asserts its supremacy, and lifts its old head high above its former companions, who lie deeply buried beneath. And as its surface is, as mentioned before, continually agitated by every breeze that blows, no expectation need be indulged, of its being ever reclaimed from its present confused mixture of wind, and sand, and wave.

H.

THE SANDS OF ROSAPENNA.

On the Donegal Coast, in the vicinity of Horn Head, lie the Sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realized in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast and country extending from the sea deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we stood, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure—hills and dales, and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and fleshlike hue. Fifty years ago this line of coast was as highly improved in its way as Ards, on the opposite side of the bay, now is: it was the much ornamented demesne, and contained the comfortable mansion, of Lord Boyne, an old-fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges, and statues, surrounded by walled parks, and altogether a first rate residence of a nobleman—the country around a green sheep-walk. Now not a vestige of this to be seen; one common waste of sand—one undistinguished ruin covers all. Where is the house?—under the sand—where the trees, the walks, the terraces, the green parks, and sheep-walks? all under the sand.—Lately the top of the house was visible, and the country

people used to descend by the roof into some of the apartments that were not filled up; but now nothing is to be seen. The Spirit of the Western Ocean has risen in his wrath, and realised here the description Bruce gives of the moving pillars of sand in the deserts of Sennaar; or it recalls to memory the grand description which Darwin gives of the destruction of the army of Cambyzes in the Nubian desert. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the wintry horrors of the north-westerly storm, when it sets in on this coast—and its force has been for the last half century increasing. The Atlantic bursting in, mountain-high, along the cliffs—the spray flying over the barrier mountain we were standing upon, and falling miles inland, the sand sleeting thicker and more intolerable than any hail-storm, filling the eyes, mouths, and ears of the inhabitants—levelling ditches, overtopping walls, and threatening to lay not only Rosapenna, but the whole line of coast, at some not very distant period, in one common waste and ruin.

I have been informed by a friend resident in the neighbourhood of Rosapenna, that the blowing of the sand to its present extent may be attributed to the introduction of rabbits, that were permitted to encrease, and their burrowing disturbing the bent grass which kept the sand down; the tremulous west and north-west winds on this coast began, and have continued to operate with increasing mischief. At Rutland, in that district of Donegal called the Rosses, there was expended, about forty years ago, the sum of £30,000, which expenditure was defrayed partly by Government and partly by the landlord, the Marquis of Conyngham, in order to create a town and fishing establishment on a coast that teemed with herrings. It is a curious fact, that the year after these buildings were erected and all the expense incurred, the herrings deserted the coast; and what is equally surprising—the sands began to blow, and now large ranges of lofty buildings, three or four stories high, are covered on the sea side with sand; you can walk up to the ridge poles of the roof.

POPULAR LECTURES ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ANIMALS.

An abstract of Dr. Henry's Eighth Lecture: THE EYE.

The eye is entitled to our attention on account of its unrivalled beauty—of its curious and delicate structure—of its uses, so varied, and so constantly occurring, that it may be considered, in the present state of society, and, especially, since the invention of printing, the great inlet of all human knowledge. By means of this organ, objects—whether near or remote—whether large or small—whether in the firmament or on the earth—are brought, as it were, into the actual presence of the understanding.

As the shape of the skull is modified, in order to afford a convenient situation for the ear, so it undergoes a still greater modification in order to afford a convenient situation for the eyes. They are lodged in two large excavations, called orbits, under the forepart of the brain. It was convenient that the eye should be placed near the brain, in order that the communication between the eye and brain should be less liable to interruption; it was necessary that the eye should be placed in a commanding situation, in order that it might have the greater extent of view; it was desirable that it should be in a sunk situation, in order that it might be safe from injury. For these reasons we find the eyes placed in the highest part of the body, very near to the brain, and, at the same time, sunk in their receptacles or cavities, and protected above by the forehead and eyebrows, at one side by the nose, and at the other by the temples. The only quarter in which the eye is exposed to injury is the forepart, which must necessarily be open in order to admit the light: but even in this quarter there are defences provided, of which we shall have occasion to speak by and bye. The eyeball is so called from its figure, which is that of a sphere, though not a perfect one. The inverting membranes, or coats of the eye, as they are commonly called, are, as we proceed from the inside outwards, 1st. the retina. On this membrane, which is perfectly transparent, the rays of light, proceeding from external objects, are collected to a focus in such a manner, that, if the